Now afore God, this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.
Iu. Nurse, will you go with me into my Closet,
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?
Mo. No not till Thursday, there is time inough.
Fa. Go Nurse, go with her, weele to Church to morrow.
Exeunt.

Mo. We shall be short in our prouision,
Tis now neare night.
Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once, what ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward Gyrle is so reclaymd.
Exit.

Enter Iuliet *and Nurse.*

Iu. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many orysons,
To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
Which well thou knowest, is crosse and full of sin.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you busie ho? need you my helpe?
Iu. No Madam, we haue culd such necessaries
As are behoofefull for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am sure you haue your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.
Mo. Good night.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.
Exeunt.
Iu. Farewell,

Iu. Farewell, God knowes when we shall meete againe,
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes vp the heate of life:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me,
Nurse, what should she do here?
My dismall sceane I needs must act alone.
Come Viol, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it, lie thou there,
What if it be a poyson which the Frier
Subtilly hath ministred to haue me dead,
Least in this marriage he should be dishonourd,
Because he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it should not,
For he hath still bene tried a holy man.
How if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me, theres a fearfull poynt:
Shall I not then be stiffled in the Vault?
To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,
And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulte, an auncient receptacle,
Where for this many hundred yeares the bones
Of all my buried auncestors are packt,
Where bloudie *Tybalt* yet but greene in earth,
Lies festring in his shroude, where as they say,
At some houres in the night, spirits resort:
Alack, alack, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smels,
And shrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them run mad:
O if I walke, shall I not be distraught,
Inuironed with all these hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?